the enemy. They did not halt until within the lines of their support, where they were rallied by their officers.

We were then within 100 feet of their combined force, from which we received a deadly fire. At the same time the enemy poured out in vast numbers from the Devil's Den, not more than 150 yards from us, on our left flank, and opened an entilsding fire. No troops could long withstand such a storm. Col. Ellis and Maj. Cromwell were killed and Lieut.-Col. Cummins wounded. At the rate the men were being shot down it would have been the work of but a few minutes to have annihilated the 124th N.Y. Every man stood his ground and did his duty until the order was passed alone the line to fall back to the top of the hill. I don't think the 124th was supported on either flank, but had made the charge independently and colors were stack in the ground and we were ordered to "rally on those colors; not a man to leave them."

The order was cheerfully obeyed. Once more on the line of battle, with the 86th N. Y. on our right in the woods, and the 4th Me. and 99th Pa. on our left, we had no fear of being flanked from either direction. The enemy, encoaraged by our falling back to our old position, advanced on us in force. But we had taken a position we were determined to hold as long as there were enough of the 124th left to hold the ground, or to stay until ordered back by our officers. Our company officers bravely did their duty. They were everywhere amongst the men with cheering words, telling them we had them on our own ground, where we wanted them, and to "give it to

I think the 124th obeyed that order, judging from the appearance of the battlefield in its front after the fight. As nearly as I can judge the 124th was under musketry fire two hours and a half on open ground, and at no time were the lines more than 100 yards apart, and part of the time not half that distance. Our ranks became depleted; there was not more than a strong skirmish-line left. The 4th Maine's colors stood beside ours. We were not particular what regiment we were in, or who were fighting with us, so long as we held the ground. Every foot was held until re-enforce-

If ever there were a happy let of men on God's green earth, it was when we saw Sykes's Division of Regulars coming to our support. Every man shouted "Re-enforcements!" over and over again. Not until our Brigadier General, J. Hobart Ward, who was stationed just in the rear of our regiment, gave the order to fire and fall back in good order, did a man leave the ranks. Sykes's Division advanced in splendid line of battle, and when within close musket range, we withdrew behind its line of battle and were marched to the rear to reform. We had become scattered in the fight, so that when relieved there were just four Captains and 13 men of us with the colors. That was just after we got through Sykes's Division. When we stacked arms that night there were 80 gans in the regiment.

While passing to the rear we met Lieut.-Col Cummins, mounted sidewise on his horse. He had been to the field hospital to get his wound dressed, which was a severe one in the hip, and was coming back to the front to find the "Orange Blossoms." We were glad to know he was alive, and he was happy to meet us, to know the 124th had nobly done its duty, and to see the flag which the ladies of Orange County had presented to us less than a year before, still in our possession and unsullied.

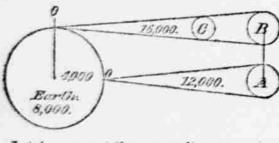
The 124th suffered terribly in the fight, losing its Colonel and Major killed and Lieutenant-Colonel wounded, and seven other officers and 85 men killed and wounded out of 18 officers and 220 men that went into the fight. The 124th after coming out of the fight marched to the rear sufficiently far enough to be out of range of the enemy's shells, and there rested that night and reformed what was left of the regiment. We were not actively engaged again during the battle, although we occupied a position on the line of battle the next day, on the

extreme left of the army.

The 124th N. Y. was styled by Col. Ellis, who organized the regiment, the "Orange Blossoms," on account of the regiment having been raised principally in Orange County.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE. How it is Explained by a Mathematical Comrade.

TO THE EDITOR: Desiring to compete for the valuable prize offered by Lient, John Hindman (five years' subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE) for a geometrical proof that the sun is more than 12,000 miles distant from the earth. I am met at the outset by a serious difficulty, viz., to adapt an explanation to the infantile intelligence of any one who could propose such an absurd astronomical conundrum at this late day. Language would fail. To others of your readers who might take an interest in the discassion I would observe, that as the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth, during an eclipse the sun would intrude between the moon and the earth if only 12,000 miles away. As this singular phenomenon has not been observed up to date, unless by Comrade Hindman, we may safely infer that the sun is more distant than the moon. I presume Lieut. Hindman would answer this statement by offering to prove that the moon is really only about six miles away, -just far enough to avoid scraping the bark off the mountain-peaks. And next I should expect him to assert that during the "late unpleasantness" Richmond was only a couple of minutes' walk beyond the Long Bridge. But there are several other points to be taken into consideration. At a distance of 93,000,000 miles the sun's mean angular diameter is 32' 1.8", corresponding to an actual diameter of 885,000 miles, a ponderous globe well suited to hold the whirling earth true in its orbit and to lavish floods of heat and light on the broad surface of our globe during millions of years without apparent loss of power. But if we assume 12,-000 miles as the mean distance, the same angular diameter would equal an actual breadth of only 110 miles, a trifling mass, which could exercise no appreciable effect on the earth's motion, and whose light and heat would be dissipated in a week. The following diagram will demonstrate with sufficient clearness that the sun must be more than 12,000 miles distant:



Let A represent the sun as it appears to an observer at noonday, and B as it appears to the same observer at sunset, the sun being then in the horizon and its distance being increased by half the earth's diameter, 4,000 miles. The apparent size of the sun would be that shown at C,-only three-fourths its previous diameter. Now, unless Comrade Hindman is prepared to show an apparent change in the sun's diameter of that amount, he should hand over that subscription. The fact is, no astronomer has yet been able to detect the slightest diurnal change, the difference of 4,000, more or less, in 93,000,000 of miles being imperceptible. The same reasoning applied to the moon readily shows that the mean difference between the moon at the zenith and horizon is as 240,000 miles to 244,000. or 1-61, equal to more than 30" angular diameter, an amount readily measured by instruments of moderate power. A curious fact has been noticed in this connection, that although the moon really suffers a diminution of size when at the horizon, easily detected by measurement, it appears much larger to the naked eye. This optical delusion is due to the contrast presented by the moon when on the horizon against distant features of the landscape-rocks, trees, houses, etc. It is only then that we are able to appreciate the enormous bulk of our satellite. To conclude, if this explanation shall meet with approval, I am prepared to show that the sun is not a gob of hot pudding, nor the moon a green cheese.-A. C. BEALS, 151st N. Y., ex-high private in the rear rank, Rock Island, Ill.

A SHORT SOLUTION. Another correspondent sends the following geometrical solution of the problem: TO THE EDITOR: I submit the fellowing

calculation of the distance from the earth to the Logarithm 2956 (radius of earth) Logarithmic tangent 8.7774" (Sims's par-

Difference..... The number corresponding to this logarithm miles of the earth from the sun. - WM. E. HEAL, pass him?"

A Night's Adventures as "Corporal of the Guard."

"Corporal Klegg, you will go on duty to-night with the camp guard!" said the Orderly of Co. Q one evening, as the 200th Ind. filed off into a piece of woods to bivouac for the night, two or three days after Si had been promoted. The chevrons on his arms had raised Si sev-

eral degrees in the estimation not only of himself, but of the other members of the company. His conduct in the skirmish had shown that he had in him the material for a good soldier, and even the Orderly began to treat him with alone. Once back to the top of the hill our | that respect due to his new rank as one of the

Like every other man who put on the army blue and marched away all so bold, "with gay and gallant tread," Si could not tell whether he was going to amount to anything as a soldier until he had gone through the test of being under fire. There were many men who walked very erect, talked bravely, drilled well, and made a fine appearance on dress parade, before they reached "the front," but who wilted at the "zip" of bullets like tender corn blades nipped by an untimely frost. And a good many of them continued in that wilted condition. Perhaps they really couldn't help it. An inscrutable l'rovidence had seen fit to omit putting any "sand in their gizzards," as the boys ex-

It must be confessed that Si was somewhat unduly elated and puffed up over his own | him to headquarters!" achievements as a skirmisher and his success in climbing the ladder of military rank and fame. It is true it wasn't much of a fight they self and his comrades that he wouldn't be one | right!' of the "coffee coolers" when there was busi-

Si was sorry that his regiment did not get into the fight at Perryville. The 200th Ind. belonged to one of the two corps of Buell's army that lay under the trees two or three miles | you do not carry your gun just right. Let me away all through that October afternoon, while McCook's gallant men were in a life-and-death struggle against overwhelming olds. It bothered Si as much to understand it all as it did 20,000 other seldiers that day.

Si responded with alacrity when he was detailed for guard duty. He had walked a beat once or twice as a common tramp, and had not found it particularly pleasant, especially in stormy weather; but now he was a peg higher, and he thought as Corporal he would have a better time. He had already observed that the rude winds of army life were tempered, if not to the shorn lambs, at least to the officers, in a degree proportionate to their rank. The latter had the first pick of everything, and the men took what was left. The officers always got the softest rails to sleep on, the bardtack that was least tunneled through by the worms, the bacon

stepped off very proudly, thinking how glad his good old mother and sister Marier and pretty Annabel would be if they could see him at that moment. He was determined to discharge his official duties "right up to the handle," and make the boys stand around in lively

When the guards reached the place selected for headquarters the officer briefly lectured them in regard to their duties, impressing upon them the necessity of being alert and vigilant. There was only a thin picket-line between them and the enemy. The safety of the army depended upon the faithfulness of those appointed to watch while others slept. He gave them the countersign, "Bunker Hill," and ordered them under no circumstances to allow any person to pass without giving it, not even the commanding General himself.

Then the guards were posted, the "beats" laid off and numbered, and as the fast gathering shadows deepened among the trees the sentinels paced to and fro around the tired

For an hour or two after the guards were stationed all was quiet along the line. The the guard!" He was soon at the point indinoise of the great camp was hushed for the cated, and found two officers on horseback, night, and no sound broke the stillness of the | whom he recognized as the Colonel and Adjugloomy forest. The moon arose and peeped taut of the 200th Ind. Si's friend Shorty was timidly through the branches.

"Corporal of the Guard; beat number six!" Si's quick car, as he lay carled up at the foot of a tree, caught these words, rapidly repeated by one scutinel after another. It was his first summons. He sprang to his feet, gan in hand, his heart beating at the thought of adventure, and started on the run for "beat No. 6." "What's up?" he said to the guard, with a

perceptible tremor in his voice. "There's one o' the boys tryin' to run the guards!" was the answer. "He's been out foragin', I reckon. He's got a lot o' plunder he wants to git into camp with. See him, out there in the bush?"

The forager, for such he proved to be, was nimbly dodging from tree to tree, watching for a chance to cross the line, but the alertness of the guards had thus far kept him outside. He had tried to bribe one or two of the boys by offering to "whack up" if they would let him pass or give him the countersign so that he could get in at some other point in the cordon. But the guards were incorruptible. They were 'fresh" yet, and had not caught on to the plan of accepting an offered chicken, a section of succulent pig, or a few sweet potatoes, and then walking off to the remote limit of the beat, with eyes to the front, while the forager shot across the line in safety. They learned all about this after a while.

The raider tried to parley with Si, but Si wouldn't have it. Raising his gun to a "ready" he ordered the man to come in or he would put a hole through him. The best thing to do under the circumstances

was to obey. The forager, who belonged to Si's company, crept up to Corporal Klegg and in a conciliatory tone opened negotiations. "You jest let me pass, and you may have your pick of this stuff," said he, holding up a

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

fowl in one hand and a ham in the other. "It'll be all right, and nobody 'll ever know nothin'

bout it! Si hesitated; it was human nature. The offer was a tempting one, but he remembered his Officer of the Guard !" responsibility to his country, and his stomach appealed in vain. Duty came before stewed chicken or roasted spare-rib.

"Can't do it!" said Si. "You've got hold of the wrong man this time. I aint goin' to have | Colonel. The latter started to remount, but nobody monkeyin' 'round while I'm Corporal of this 'ere guard. Come along with me, and step out lively, too !"

Si marched the culprit back to headquarters and delivered him up to the officer, who commended Si for his fidelity. Next day the ground back of the Colonel's tent was strewn with feathers, chicken bones, Klegg!" ham rinds, and potato skins, while the unlucky forager who had provided the field officers' mess with such a royal meal was humped around | body what the countersign is again! Good

for two hours on "knapsack drill," and con- | night!" demned to spend 24 hours in the guard-house. An hour later Si had another experience. The Captain of Co. Q felt a kindly interest, and not a little pride, in him, since the skirmish, and he thought he would take a turn that in this opinion by seeing Shorty sit down on a night and see whether his newly-made Corporal was "up to snuff." "Beat No. 3" was Si's second call. He re-

sponded promptly, and as he approached the | ye tell him the countersign for?" "Whew-w-w-w!" observed Si, with a pro-"Corporal, here's the Cap'n, and he wants longed whistle. "Shorty," said he, "I wish guard the latter said : is 93,000,212, which is, therefore, the distance in to in! He hain't got the countersign; shall I you'd take a club and see if you can't pound

"Good evening, Corporal!" said the Captain, any!" Without another word he shouldered hi

Si was thrown completely off his guard. Dropping the butt of his gun carelessly to the ground he replied cheerily, "Good evening, Cap'n," touching his hat by way of salute. didn't understand the scheme then.

"How are you getting on, Mr. Klegg?"
"First rate!" said Si, with the air of one



SI MAKES A MISTAKE. conscious that he has done his duty well. "I

capchered a forager a little bit ago and took "Well done, Corporal. I have no doubt you will honor the good name of the 200th Indiana in general and Company Q in particular. I got had that day, but Si thought it was pretty fair | caught outside to-night, and I want to get back for a starter, and enough to prove to both him- into camp. Of course you know me and it's all

> "Certainly, sir!" said Si, as he stood leaning on his gun and allowed the officer to pass the magic line. "Good night, Cap'n!" "Good night, Corporal! By the way," said the Captain, retracing his steps, "I notice that show you how to handle it!"

Si dida't know what a flagrant offense it was for a soldier on guard to let his gun go out of his hands; nor had he the faintest suspicion that the Captain was playing it on him. So he promptly handed his piece to the Captain, who immediately brought it down to a charge," with the bayonet at Si's breast. "Suppose, now, I was a rebel in disguise, said the Captain, "what kind of a fix would

you be in?" Light began to dawn upon Si, and he started | bin ober to de nex' place to a 'possum reast and back in terror at the thought of the mistake he

"Of course, I wouldn't let anybody else have it." be stammered; but I know you, Cap'n!" "That makes no difference to a man on duty, Corporal. You hang on to your gun the rest of morning and then suffered him to go his way. the night, and if anybody-I don't care if it's that had the fewest maggets, and the biggest | Gen. Buell himself-insists on your giving it to | addition to his tramps with the "reliefs" and command, when the detachment was ready. Si | without the countersign, either! Come to my | called him. He told Si there was something quarters when you are relieved to-morrow." testing new soldiers and teaching them a thing or two, when, as was frequently the case, they answer. The moon had gone down, and in the

> The cold chills ran up and down Si's back as he took his gun and slowly returned to the ling leaves. guard fire. He felt that he had uttorly spoiled his good record. "Lieutenaut," he said to the officer, "I wish

the penance for his simplicity.

you'd please detail a man to kick me for about an hour!" The Lieutenant wanted to know what the matter was, and Si told him all about it, ending

stripes off'n my blouse!" The officer quieted his fears by assuring him that there was no cause for alarm. The Captain knew that he was trying to do his duty, and what he had done was for Si's own good. Si sat down by the fire and was thinking it over when there was another call, "Corporal of

the guard who had halted them. "Now, Corporal Klegg," said Si to himself, laying his finger alongside his nose, "you jist watch out this time. Here's big game! Shouldn't wonder if them ossifers had bin out skylarkin', and they're tryin' to git in. Don't ye let 'em fool ye as the Cap'n did!"

Si was right in his surmise. The Colonel and Adjutant had been enjoying a good supper



"YE MUST SAY 'BUNKER HILL." at a house half a mile away, and had not the slightest idea what the countersign was. Si was determined not to "get left" this time. As he approached, the Colonel saw that it was the soldier he had commended for his

gallantry at the time of the skirmish. "Ah, Corporal Klegg, I'm glad to see you so prompt in your duty. I was sure we had made no mistake when we promoted you. Of course, you can see who I am. I'm your Colonel, and this is the Adjutant. We are, unfortunately, ontside without the countersign; but you can just let us through."

The Colonel's taffy had no effect on Si. He just brought himself into a hostile attitude, with his bayonet in fair range of the Colonel, as he replied: "Colonel, my orders is to pass no livin' man

unless he says 'Bunker Hill.' I'd be glad to do ye a good turn, but there's no use talkin'. I'm goin' to obey orders, and ye can't pass The Colonel chuckled softly as he dismounted and came up to Si.

"It's all right," he said; "of course I know what the contersign is. I was only trying you." "Hold on, there," said Si, "don't come too close. If you've got the countersign, advance and give it. If ye haint got it, I'll jest call the Leaning over the point of Si's bayonet the

Colonel gently whispered "Bunker Hill!" "Correct!" said Si, and bringing his gun to a "shoulder" he respectfully saluted the turned back as he said; "Just let me show you how to hold your

gun. You don't-" "Not if the court knows herself," said Si, again menacing the Colonel with his bayonet. 'That's bin played on me once to-night, and if anybody does it again my name aint Si

"That's right, Corporal," said the Colonel as he sprang into the saddle; "but don't tell any-

"Good night, Colonel," said Si, touching his hat. As the officers rode away Si began to think he had put his foot in it again. He was confirmed log in a paroxysm of laughter. "You give yerself away bad that time!" said

Shorty, as soon as he could speak. "What did a little sense into me; I don't b'lieve I've go

as Si came up, at the same time extending his | gun and returned to the guard headquarters. Now I'm a goner, sure!" he said to him-

On his way he found a guard sitting by a tree sound asleep. Carefully taking away his gun Si awoke him, and frightened him half to Then he took the proffered hand, pleased at the Captain's mark of kindly recognition. He and he would be shot for sleeping on post. Si

a dend man. "Corporal of the Guard!" was heard again, sometime after midnight. "If they try any more measly tricks on me to-night somebody 'll git hurt!" thought Si, as he walked briskly along the line in response to the call. This time it was a "contraband"-an old

negro, who stood shivering with terror as the guard held him at the point of the bayonet. Recalling the unlucky adventures of the night, Si imagined that it was one of the officers, who had blackened himself like a minstrel, and had come there purposely to "catch" him. "Ye can't git through unless ye've got the countersign," said he decisively; "and I shan't give it to ye, nutber! And ye needn't try to show me how to hold my gun! I can handle

"Don' know what dat all means, boss," said the frightened negro; "but fer de good Lawd's

it well enough to shoot and punch the bay-



SI AND THE CONTRABAND. Ise jist gwine home. I didn't know dese yer

ge-yards was heah!" Si didn't propose to take any chances, and so he marched the old contraband back and delivered him to the officer, who kept him till Once more that night Si was called out, in him, let him have two or three inches of the | the "grand rounds." It was, perhaps, an hour point of your bayonet. Don't let anybody pass | before daylight, and Shorty was the guard who walking around in the woods, and he believed All this illustrates a way the officers had of | it was a rebel trying to creep up on them. He had challenged two or three times, but got no were not yet up to the mark. A trick of extra | dark woods objects at any distance could not

duty for the hapless novitiate was generally | be distinguished. "There, d'ye hear that?" said Shorty, as there came a sound of crackling sticks and rust-

"Halt!" exclaimed Si. "Who comes there?" There was no response, and Si challenged again, with like result. "Shorty," said Si, "let's fire, both together,"

and crack went their muskets. For a moment there was a great floundering, and then all was still. As soon as it was light, and Shorty was relieved, he and Si went out "So now I s'pose the Cap'n 'll yank the to see the result of their fire. What they found is shown by our artist.



THEY KILLED HIM. On the whole it was a busy and interesting night for Si. He did not lose his chevrons on account of his mistakes. But he learned something, and the lesson was impressed upon his mind by a few kindly words of caution and

advice from the Captain of Co. Q. Gen. John A. Logan, U. S. Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have, within the last year or so, suffered intensely with the same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recom-

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A Lawyer Baffled. [Texas Siftings.]

Jim McSuifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely. "You say this defendant offered you a bribe of fifty dollars to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes, sah.' "Now, repeat precisely what he said, using his own words.' "He said he would give me fifty dollars if

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person." No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. De 'fendant am too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own

you in the first person, didn't he?" " I was de fust pusson, myself." "You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you fifty dollars."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to

"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin about you pavin' me fifty dollars. Yore name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge an' jury." "You can step down."

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E.M. Irons, Fly Creek, Otsego Co., N. Y.: I think THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the best paper extant. It occupies all my spare moments during each week.

That Tired Feeling The warm weather has a debilitating effect,

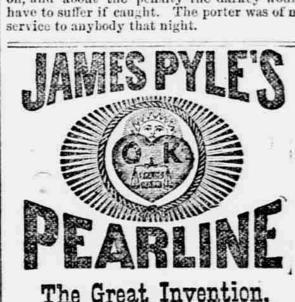
especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body. "I could not sieep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

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Pulled Off His Leg. [Milwaukee Sentinel.]

There is an old soldier employed in the Government office in this city who has had some queer experiences with an artificial limb, his having been taken off at the knee. ing-car porter. On the train he struck an finally said he wouldn't tell on him this time, uppish sort of a porter who stood around with but he must never do so again, or he would be a languid dignity that would make a streetcorner dude sick at heart. This man with the wooden leg made up his mind that he would "wake that nigger up" before he chipped in his quarter. He told a couple of men in the car his purpose, and they joined in with him. He wears his shoe firmly fastened to a wooden leg, having no need to remove it, and having fallen once from a loose shoe.

After his berth had been made up he went to the dressing-room and unstrapped his leg, keeping hold of the strap, and then got to his berth. Then he called the porter. "I've got rheumatism, and can't bend over," he said. "and I wish you'd pull off that shoe." The porter untied the shoe and tried to pull it off, but it wouldn't come. "Pull hard," said the passenger. The darkey gave another pull. "O, brace against the berth and pull," said the passenger. The porter had blood in his eye. He put his foot against the berth and pulled like a dentist. The passenger let go the strap sake don't shove dat t'ing frew me. Ise only and the darkey fell over with the shoe and leg. "My God! you've pulled of my leg!" shrieked the passenger. The porter dropped it, and with his eyes bulging out and his teeth chattering he broke from the car. He concealed himself in a corner of the baggage-car, and pretty soon the two other conspirators came in, pretended they didn't know where he was, sat down on a trunk, and talked over the awful condition of the man whose leg had been pulled off, and about the penalty the darkey would have to suffer if caught. The porter was of no



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SPECTACLES, Barometers, Thermometers, Pho-Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Telescopes, W. H. WALMSLEY & Co., successors to R. & J. Feck, Philadelphia. Hiustrated Price List free to any address Mention The National Tribune.

FLORIDA. A House Lot 40 x 100 feet for trated Book to L. N. MOWRY, President, 179 Broadway, New York City.

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Your Sponge Will Never Get Musty

sour nor have a disagreeable smell if you use nothing else about your toilet and bath but The Frank Siddalls Soap. This is because there is nothing used in it but clean tallow made from fresh, sweet suet-the process of manufacture is as neat and clean as the preparation of a dinner by a good housekeeper, and the factory is as free from smell as the dining-room or kitchen of a well-regulated family. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

If your Horse is Troubled with Scratches

wash his feet and legs with nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap and warm water; after thoroughly cleansing the parts affected, make another rich, creamy lather and leave it on-dont rinse the lather off and a cure will certainly follow. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

Dont Scald and Boil your Clothes

merely because you were brought up to do so. Be on the lookout for better ways. Remember that prejudice is ignorance. Be progressive. Dont allow yourself to get set in your ways. Dont be a clam.

If your Feet are Sore from Walking

or from wearing tight shoes, wash them with Frank Siddalls Soap. Always leave plenty of the lather on-dont rinse the lather off and a cure is positively guaranteed. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

Dont Refuse to Read

articles in newspapers merely because they are "advertisements." A celebrated writer of English literature has said that children and grown persons can find no better way to improve themselves in composition and letter writing than by reading the advertisements of reliable business houses, as they are really as interesting and contain equally as valuable information as the articles in the editorial and housekeeping departments. Be on the lookout for new ideas, new ways, new things. Dont be a clam.

If you Have Eruptions on the Face

or on the hands or body, one thing is certain, you are not using The Frank Siddalls Soap. Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, etc., are caused by soap made from rancid grease. Use The Frank Siddalls Soap and you will avoid such trouble. Be particular to leave on plenty of the lather-dont rinse all the lather off; merely wipe the face off with a dry towel. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of scap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

If you Like Clean Dishes

see that your girl washes them with The Frank Siddalls Soap. Tell her not to let the soap lie in the water or it will waste. People are beginning to learn that dishes washed with soap made from filthy soap fat are not fit to eat off of. The Frank Siddalls Soap is the nicest article that the teeth can be cleaned with, and of course must be just the thing for a nice housekeeper to wash dishes with. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap, or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that

If you Love your Baby

is around every cake.

dont wash its delicate skin with Castile soap. Frank Siddall positively guarantees that an infant washed with his soap cannot have any sores or eruptions on it, or cannot get chafed if no other soap is used on it. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

No Wall Paper Spoiled on Wash Day

no steam in the house, no rough, red hands, no yellow clothes. Frank Siddall positively guarantees that clothes will smell as sweet as new, that flannels will not shrink, that delicate colors will not fade or run, if washed with his soap and exactly by the neat, clean, easy, sensible, practical, genteel, ladylike, common-sense Frank Siddalls way of washing clothes. It is also positively guaranteed that no child over 10 or 12 years of age (who is not a clam) will have any trouble in either understanding or following them. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

Dont use Castile Soap

simply because your mother and grandmother always used it. Frank Siddall is a practical druggist and chemist-a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He says that Castile Scap-even the genuine imported white Castile-is a miserable compound that is responsible for nearly every case of itching piles, salt rheum, tetter and other fearful skin disease. Try The Frank Siddalls Soap. Be on the lookout for new ideas. Be open to improvements. Keep up with the times. Dont get set in your ways. Dont be a clam.

Dont get Set in your Ways

Be ready, be willing, be ANXIOUS, for easier or better ways about your housework. Dont be above being taught by a man. If your husband, or father, or brother, or son wants you to give a square, honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Soap, why not do it? you can get even with him by pursuading him to try it for shaving, toilet, bath, cleaning his teeth and shampooing his hair:-if he objects to using it, he cannot call you a clam. Try new things and new ways and be open to new ideas. Dont be a clam.